

When the projection upon which I had placed my weight gave way I was, indeed, lost. I was wholly conscious after I commenced falling. When I struck the ground first, I experienced a feeling of relief. I seemed to sink a few inches of feet, but, of course, not a short distance. I grasped the ground wildly, but nothing but the air could be felt. I was rising to my feet and knew it, and a feeling suddenly came over me that I was to be saved. How, I knew not. But I was certain that I was not to be left in the crater. On coming to the surface I reached out and a rocky rock gave me support. I heard the shouts of my friends, but I saw nothing and was unable to reply. After what seemed a few moments the shouts ceased, and I realized that my friends had given up for lost. It was just after midnight when we reached the crater; I saw it was nearly five o'clock. I heard what sounded like disaster. The noise grew more and more distinct, and the water bubbling began to be troubled. I realized that I was in the crater.

presence of death that broke our heart and opened the fountains of our great deep, so to speak. When we poured the glucose syrup on our paralytics, the stiff and cold remains of a large beetle and two cunning little twin cockroaches fell out into our plate, and lay there hushed in an eternal repose. Death to us is all-powerful. The King of Terrors is to us the mighty sovereign before whom we must all bow; from the mighty emperor down to the meekest slave, all alike must some day curl up and die. This suddenness is at all times, but more particularly so when Death with his relentless lawn-mower has gathered in the young and innocent. This was the case when two little twin cockroaches, whose lives had been unspotted, and whose years had been unclouded by wrong and selfishness, were called upon to meet death together. In the stillness of the night, these little, loving twins crept to the glucose syrup undisturbed. We hope no one will misrepresent this matter. We did weep, and we are not ashamed to own it. We sat there and sobbed until tea-tablecloth was wet for four feet, and the venerable ham was floating around in tears. It was not for ourselves, however, that we wept. No unkindness on the part of an eating-house ever provoked such a tornado of woe. We just weep when we see death and are brought into contact with it. And we were not the only ones that shed tears. The waiters wept, strong men as they were. Even the butter wept. Strong as it was, it could not control its emotions.—Bill Nye's Boomerang.

An extraordinary case has just been ended in St. Louis. Mrs. Wackerle brought suit against a life insurance company for the policy on her husband's life. The man was killed in a rail road accident in Texas; the widow had the remains exhumed and identified; the insurance company objected to the proofs of identity and the widow then brought suit. On the trial a man from California was introduced as the original Wackerle, but on the stand he could not tell how many children his wife had had nor their ages. Still, in many ways, the insurance company made out a good case. The jury decided for the plaintiff, giving her \$4597—the original policy, with interest. The question of the identity of the chief witness for the company is still a mystery, but it is thought to be a brother of the dead man.

Ben Butler, in a letter accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, says "the highest duties should be laid upon luxuries." This is what the Massachusetts politicians think also, and they count among luxuries the privilege of running for Governor. So they generally make the luxury cost the swivel-eyed statesman from \$50,000 to \$100,000 each time he tries it.

The warlike of the campaign in Pennsylvania may be judged from the fact that the Independent Republican candidate for governor killed one of his opponents during a recent speech by two vigorous gesticulations. He wished to enforce a point, and brought his hand down with such force on the table that the large knuckle of the little finger was broken. The speaker was not conscious of his hurt until the following day, when it was found very dressed, and he is now making speeches with a limbed hand. A man with such a fond of political enthusiasm deserves to succeed.

A well-digger in Santa county, Va., dug well 300 feet deep, and then the bottom of the well seemed to drop out. The man fell through, and landed in the subterranean lake. The distance between the earth and the water being several feet. A small boat was set down and he sailed over five miles, when he found the outlet to be a spring in the foot of a hill.

Polgar now said he is suffering from an infection of the ear that prevents him from hearing. He is showing signs of infection of the brain. It is probable that he will develop these alarming symptoms because he made such heavy loads on the machine.

A coffin containing a skeleton was discovered in the 30-foot level of the St. Catherine gold mine near Charlotte, N. C., recently while it was being cleaned out, operations having been suspended in the works for a period of nearly years.

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